He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Chriſtianlike cõcluſion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcathe to vs.
Glo. So do *I* euer being well aduiſde,
For had *I* curſt now, *I* had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Madame his maieſtie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.
Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords wil you goe with vs?
Ri Madam, we wil attend your Grace. *Exeunt. ma, Glo.*
Glo. *I* do thee wrong, and firſt began to braule,
The ſecret miſchiefe that *I* ſet abroach
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.
Clarence, whom *I* indeed haue laid in darkneſſe,
I do beweepe to many ſimple guls:
Namely to Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies
That ſtir the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuengd on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then *I* ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euil:
And thus *I* cloath my naked villanie
With old odde ends, ſtolne out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a ſaint, when moſt *I* play the diuel.
But ſoft, here comes my executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy ſtout reſolued mates,
Are ye now going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, *I* haue it here about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But ſirs, be ſudden in the execution:
VVithall, obdurate: do not heare him pleade,
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my L. we wil not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
VVe come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.